Green

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Green

by JustAnotherFanfictionWriter

Summary

Will was pale as he sat in the stand, testifying against his father. Mr. Graham watched Will and Will only when Will had entered the courtroom and swore to tell the truth. Will knew it. Will only watched Hannibal when he got seated.

Notes

This is the fifth story in the Hannibal color series. The first one is Red. If you have not read them, this will not make sense. Please go read them.

Green--Green is a dualistic color. It can represent envy, evil, and trickery, and/or growth, renewal, and life, as lush vegetation. In Arthurian legend the green knight slew all who attempted to cross his bridge, until he was killed by Arthur. In this respect green can be seen as death's unbiased nature and the slaying of the naive. Vegetation, earthly, growing things. Fertility, Mother Earth, life, nature. Resurrection, permanence, and love, which was the color of Aphrodite, Greek love goddess, born from the green sea. It is usually a feminine color, but is also one of neutrality, passivity and indecision. In most Shakespeare the sea is green, and is often related to memory. A sign of freshness and youth along with virtue and peace. Hospitality and knowledge also follow. Can be thought of as expectation in relation to spring hopes. As the national color of Ireland it is supposed to bring luck, especially on St. Patrick's Day. In psychology, related to sensations, persons liking green are often defensive and withdrawn or cold.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's father was in jail, and all should have been well with the world. In Will's dreams, they were not. Will was being chased by memories; it was all of the boys his father had managed to kill. They screamed at him, telling him that he should have died with them. He had to keep going, no matter what. He couldn't let them catch him. He stopped short when his father appeared before him. The kids caught up to him. Will tried to scream as they grabbed his arms and legs, but he couldn't make a sound. His father raised the knife he held over his head, and arched down.

Will shot out of bed, shrieking. He shook horribly as he continued to scream. Nurses rushed into the room, trying to comfort him. Will only fought them off, trying to tear of the sheets and run. After struggling for some time, they finally gave him a sedative. Will slowly fell limp in their arms, falling asleep as the sedative kicked in.

Will jolted awake when the door to his room closed. Hannibal watched him, his hair messy and wearing a simple outfit. Will smiled weakly at Hannibal. Will wanted to cry, he was so happy to see Hannibal. Hannibal came to Will's bedside and stroked his hair. Hannibal smiled softly.

"You look awful." Will teased.

Hannibal winced. Will knew his voice was hoarse from his screaming last night. Hannibal only shrugged, sighing softly.

"I've been better." Hannibal whispered, kissing Will softly.

Will smiled at Hannibal when the boy broke the kiss. Hannibal smiled, handing Will something. It was a present. The other present he'd bought Will was taken in as evidence, so he needed to buy a new one.

"It's a bit late, but…" Hannibal smiled.

Will grinned. He didn't expect Hannibal to remember it. Will opened the present quickly, staring at the hard blue cover. He looked on the side. It was a simple book of poetry. It seemed so much like Hannibal. Will smiled, looking at Hannibal.

"Thank you so much." Will said.

Hannibal grinned. Will was smiling as he flipped through the book. He noticed the beautiful blue ribbon bookmark marked a specific poem. He read it to himself as Hannibal poked his head out of the room. It reminded Will of himself, in a beautiful sense. He looked up at Hannibal and grinned softly.

"I was talking with a nurse." Hannibal said as he entered the room again, "She said you won't be out for another few days."

"I figured." Will sighed, "They want to make sure that I'm doing well."

Hannibal watched Will sadly. Will watched him in return, confused. Hannibal just sighed, shaking his head. He returned to the seat beside Will's bed, gently grabbing Will's hand and stroking the boy's hair. Will only sighed, enjoying Hannibal's presence silently.

A knock to the door interrupted their moment. Will glanced to the door as Jack Crawford walked in. Jack held some flowers nervously, sighing when he saw Will. Will winced at him.

"I wish this didn't have to happen to you." Jack said.

Will only winced in response, squeezing Hannibal's hand.

"I brought flowers, though I don't know how much they'll help." Jack said.

"They help." Will said, relaxing his grip on Hannibal.

Jack nodded awkwardly as Hannibal stood and grabbed the flowers. He passively mentioned that he would find a vase, leaving the room. Will noted how he seemed irritated.

"He doesn't like what I'm about to tell you." Jack answered, even though Will hadn't asked a question, "He doesn't want you to testify. My boss is pressuring me to get you to."

"I don't want to." Will replied immediately, "I don't want to be anywhere near him."

Jack nodded, shrugging.

"That's what I told her." He said casually, "She insists it would make a powerful case."

"No." Will insisted, his voice cracking a bit.

Jack Crawford watched Will silently. Will noted how Jack seemed to look less at his scar and more at his shoulders. Will folded his arms and clenched his jaw, his brow creasing. Jack looked away from Will when Hannibal came back in the room, holding the vase. He ignored Jack as he walked to Will's bedside, placing the flowers down gently. Will watched Hannibal and smiled.

"I'll be leaving now." Jack said quietly, "I'll try to convince my boss not to put you up. If she does, will you go?"

"Do I have a choice?" Will asked him, without looking at him, "Do I really have a choice?"

Hannibal sighed, pulling Will into a tight hug. Will closed his eyes and relaxed into it, sighing softly. Everything would be alright in Hannibal's care. Will knew it.

Will was pale as he sat in the stand, testifying against his father. Mr. Graham watched Will and Will only when Will had entered the courtroom and swore to tell the truth. Will knew it. Will only watched Hannibal when he got seated.

"Now, Mr. Graham, you said you knew nothing about the killings." The defense attorney said, "But I have documents from Jack Crawford and Detective Smith suggesting otherwise."

Will didn't want to talk anymore. It showed in his expression. The prosecuting attorney tried to object, but she was overruled. Will sighed, feeling weak.

"I hadn't known about my father being suspect until talking with Hannibal." Will replied, "Even then he and I ruled out my father quickly enough, and settled with Detective Smith."

"Did you know these boys?"

"No sir."

"Did you talk to any of them?"

"No sir."

"How do we know you weren't aware of your father committing the killings?" The attorney said.

"How do we know you've actually got your brain in your head and not at home?" Will snapped.

The attorney winced, glancing at his notes. Hannibal looked ready to jump up and fight, and Jack looked away from Will. Will was well aware he could be quite rude when he was afraid, but this man was cornering him. Will felt trapped on the stand, whether or not he wanted to be there.

"Why did you and your friend Hannibal suspect Detective Smith, and not someone like your father?" The defense asked.

"We figured that whoever was killing those boys was stalking me." Will said quietly, "If he was stalking me he would have some kind of infatuation with me. My father was very distant with me up until recently, so we ruled him out because of that."

"Why didn't you leave the police work to the actual police?" The attorney asked.

"Get back on track, Mr. Jacobs." The judge warned.

Mr. Jacobs winced, nodding. He looked at Will sternly, who looked away. Will watched Hannibal again.

"Why do you think your father tried to kill you?" Mr. Jacobs asked, "Is it a random act of rage? Your mother did leave, and he's been holding that—."

“My mother had *nothing* to do with this.” Will said sharply, “My father attacked me because, in his eyes, I couldn’t be saved. I was already *dead* to him. He just had to kill the quote shell of a boy I was.”

Will finally glanced at his father. The man looked almost proud. Will felt sick. Mr. Jacobs looked up to ask another question. Will wanted to stand up and run. He was visibly shaking now. Will glanced at the judge through the corner of his eye. She’d been keeping an eye on him, from what Will noticed. She gave a soft sigh, calling for a break. Will stood up immediately and stumbled his way out of the courtroom.

Will found himself sitting in a bathroom stall, leaning against the wall. He was hyperventilating, and rocking back and forth. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen. Will wanted Hannibal. He needed Hannibal. Will couldn’t find the energy nor the words to call out to Hannibal, though. All he could do was shake and whimper like a dog. Will had heard someone come into the bathroom, but he couldn’t get up to check who it was. He just sat, leaning against the wall. He heard a knock to the door.

“Come on out.” Jack said, “We’re resuming the trial.”

Will made no moves to unlock the door. He heard Jack sigh, shifting his weight. Will still made no moves to stand and unlock the door. Will heard someone else enter the bathroom.

“Where is he?” Hannibal asked.

“In here.” Will heard Jack say.

Will watched Hannibal’s feet as the boy walked. He knocked on the stall, waiting patiently.

“Will?” Hannibal asked.

Again, Will made no movements to get up. He just whimpered again. Will watched Hannibal drop to the (presumably) dirty floor. The boy crawled under the stall door and pulled Will into a tight hug. Will hugged Hannibal in return, tears coming back to his eyes. He wanted this whole ordeal to be over with already. Hannibal shushed him softly, stroking his hair and swaying back and forth. Will shivered and sobbed loudly as Hannibal tried to shush him. Will was trying to speak into Hannibal’s shoulder but wasn’t making actual sense with his words.

Will heard someone calling that session was back in, and Will was needed back on the stand. Will tightened his grip on Hannibal, shaking his head quickly. He took a deep breath as Hannibal picked him up.

“No…” Will mumbled when Hannibal stood.

Hannibal unlocked the stall with the hand that would go around Will’s back, opening the stall door and carrying Will out. Will glanced out at the man who came for him,

shaking his head. He buried his face back into Hannibal's shoulder, sighing bitterly as he shook. Will felt dizzy and sick.

"Do you think you can testify more?" The man asked Will.

Will shook his head. Hannibal carried Will past the man. The judge and a few other people were waiting outside. The judge saw how Will was and sighed. Will looked over at her, and winced. He wanted to tell her he didn't want to testify anymore today, but he kept quiet. He was too dizzy. The judge gave him a nod. Will didn't look at her as he rested his head against Hannibal. Will closed his eyes and sighed deeply.

Will sat in Hannibal's home, staring at the wall. He'd woken up from one of his many nightmares. He wasn't crying because of them anymore. He just sat awake. He'd stayed up more nights than he should have because of it. Will felt Hannibal's hand on his back. Will glanced back at Hannibal numbly.

"Please go to sleep." Hannibal practically begged.

Will sighed softly. He hadn't spoken much since the trial ended. He wished he had started voicing what he felt more to Hannibal, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. He just nodded. Hannibal laid down first, and Will rested his head on the boy's chest.

"I'm sorry." Will whispered.

Hannibal only sighed, hugging Will tightly.

"You will never be the same." Hannibal replied gently, "And nor will I. You were hurt by your father, and that was something you could not control. You should not apologize for how you deal with this."

"Trauma doesn't excuse what I'm doing. It sure as hell explains why, but it's not an excuse." Will mumbled, taking a deep breath. He wanted to absorb as much of Hannibal's scent as he could.

"I will always love you." Hannibal said.

Will smiled softly. He closed his eyes and sighed, nodding. Hannibal wasn't going to leave him, and Will was going to get better. He knew everything would be fine in the end. He would help people and Hannibal would too. Everything would be fine.

Everything would be fine, Will repeated silently to himself as he sat in front of his father. Will wasn't sure if it was a dream or if he was wide awake as he sat in front of the man. He stared into his father's loving gaze. He shivered in his seat, looking away.

"It was kind of you to visit me." His father said.

It was real. Will was sitting in front of his father at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. He glanced back at his father and winced.

“Are you still dating that Lecter boy?” His father asked.

Will nodded. He didn’t want to talk to his father any more than he had to. Will shouldn’t even be there, he thought. He should just go.

“Why?” His father asked.

Will shrugged. He didn’t want to tell his father that Hannibal was helping him, healing him. Will didn’t want to tell his father that he loved the boy, and that he relied on the boy. Will knew their relationship wasn’t good—Will often took out his frustrations on Hannibal. He felt guilt when he thought about it.

“You shouldn’t be dating him.” His father told him, “You’re better than that.”

Will glared at his father. It was the first time he’d actually given a look to his father that wasn’t just a blank stare. Will’s father cocked his head at his son.

“I am better than that.” Will repeated, “I’m better than treating Hannibal like he’s you. I’m better than taking out my anger towards you on him.”

Will’s father leaned back and blinked, shocked.

“I’m tired of being scared of you.” Will shouted, “I’m tired of taking out my anger on him because I’m too damn scared to talk to you. So yeah, I am better than that. I’m better than you, and you don’t deserve me in your life. You don’t deserve to see me grow up, you don’t even deserve to hear this! I hate you! I hate, hate, hate, hate you!”

Will heard someone approaching as he finished. He was standing now, his hands balled into fists. Will felt a gentle tap to his shoulder. He turned to Hannibal. The boy had most likely heard what he shouted about. Will took Hannibal’s hand angrily and walked away from his father, dragging a bewildered Hannibal behind him.

When they left the hospital Will pulled Hannibal into a tight hug. Hannibal sighed softly and hugged him back, kissing his hair.

“I hate him.” Will repeated to Hannibal.

“Then don’t visit him.” Hannibal suggested.

Will smiled into Hannibal’s chest and laughed sadly. Hannibal laughed too. Will smiled up at Hannibal and kissed the boy’s cheek.

“We’ll work through this.” Hannibal promised.

Will nodded, smiling softly.

Everything would be okay.

End Notes

Thank you for reading the series! I'm officially done writing the color short stories for Hannibal.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!